Florence Vane

BALLAD

WORDS BY

PHILIP P. COOK

MUSIC COMPOSED

and respectfully inscribed to

COL. R. W. JONES

BY

W. H. STOY.

PEARSON N.Y.

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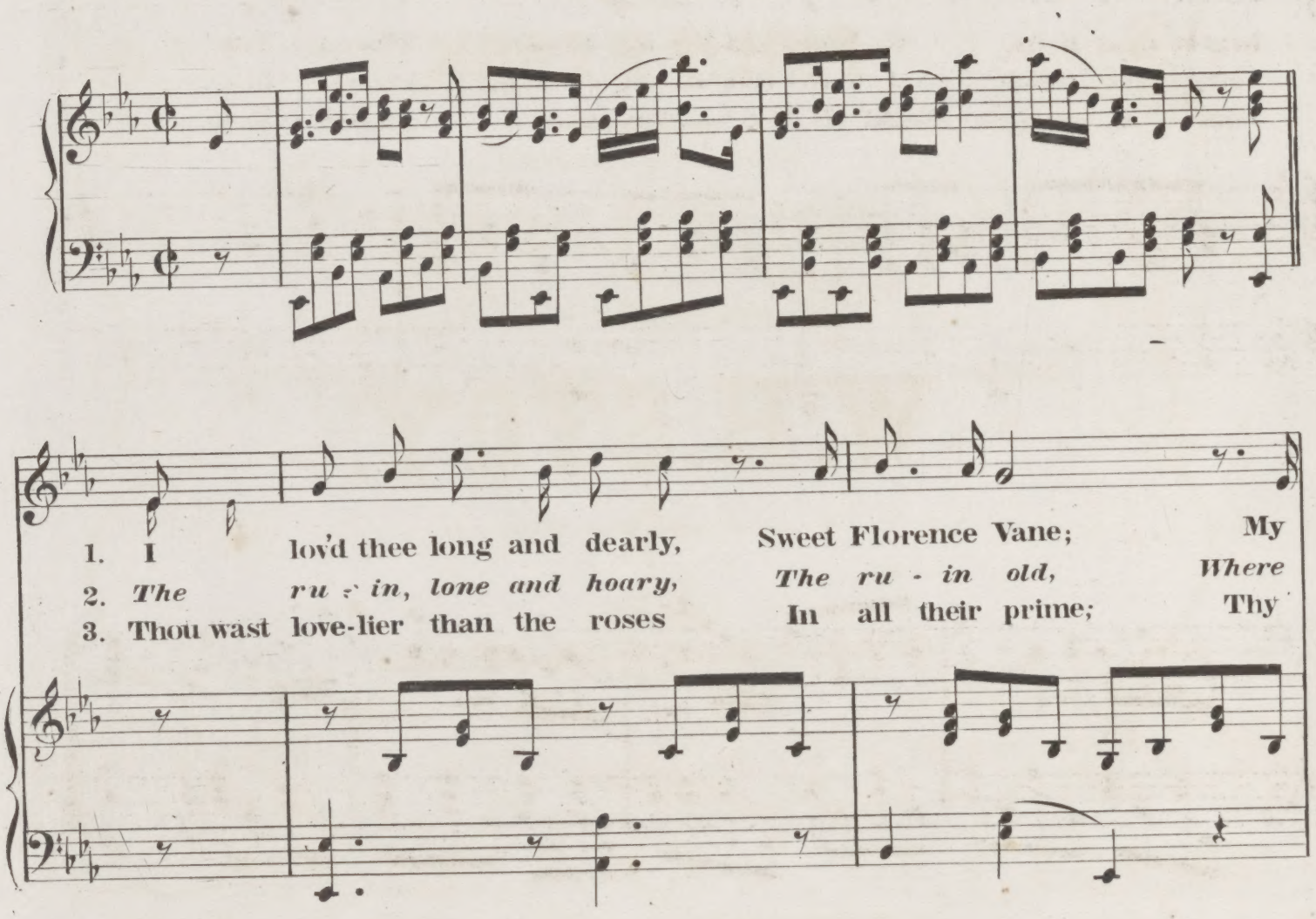
1. I lov'd thee long and dearly, Sweet Florence Vane; My
2. *The ru - in, lone and hoary, The ru - in old, Where*
3. Thou wast love-lier than the roses In all their prime; Thy

life's bright dream and early Hath come again; I re-new in my fond vision, My
thou didst hark my story; At e-ven told— *That spot the hues Ely-sian Of*
voice ex-celld the closes Of sweetest rhyme; Thy heart was as a riv-er With-

hearts dear pain; My hopes and thy de-ri-sion, Florence Vane.
sky and plain, *I trea-sure in my vi-sion,* *Florence Vane.*
-out a main. Would I had lovd thee never, Florence Vane.

4. But fair - est cold - est won - der! Thy glorious clay Li-

- eth the green sod under A - las, the day! And it boots not to remember

Thy disdain— To quicken love's pale ember, Florence Vane.

5. The li - lies of the val - ley By young graves weep, The

daisies love to dally Where maidens sleep; May their bloom in beauty vying,

Nev - er wane, When thine earthly part is ly - ing, Florence Vane.